



"AM I ABOUT RIGHT?"



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Cartoons and Comments

ECONOMY **T**HERE is an opportunity for
IN WAR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Peace

Congress, or somebody, to do some effective work for the cause of harmony. It is possible to strike a compromise between those who say that war is barbarous and ought to be stopped and those who claim that it is only human nature and can't be stopped. The Peace advocates are worried because so many and such expensive war preparations go on all the time, such as Dreadnoughts, vast armaments, etc., and because nations may be plunged into war at any moment against their will. The War advocates, recognizing the same facts, see in them only a check on man's natural tendency to scrap because they make fighting so expensive that nations can't afford to hammer each other. Both war advocates and peace advocates feel badly about it, and the way in which ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Peace Congress, or somebody, can make themselves solid is by drawing up a formal proposal that war be made less complicated. Let the crushing expenses be reduced by an international agreement forbidding the use of Dreadnoughts or guns which cost a thousand dollars to shoot. And let it be understood that if two nations wish to go to war with each other, they must go back to flintlocks and matchlocks which were comparatively inexpensive, and still further back, to cross-bows, lances, and two-edged swords. Then the taxes upon the masses would not be so burdensome, and the job of war correspondent would no longer be numbered among the obsolete trades.

WE SAW the other day an editorial in a New York newspaper which absolved the tariff from all responsibility for the high cost of living. It was a simple case of supply and demand, that was all,

said the writer in this newspaper, and Government figures proved it. The Government figures to which the newspaper referred were those pertaining to the number of sheep and cattle raised in the United States. It seems that in the period from 1900 to 1910 sheep and cattle have not increased in numbers, while in the same period human beings have increased and multiplied without let or hindrance. Hence, it was argued, with the demand for fresh meat greater and the supply of fresh meat stationary, the rise in price could easily be accounted for without delving into tariff schedules for the cause. Which is very satisfying so far as it

goes, were it not for the fact that these same Government figures respecting sheep and cattle open up questions which are not reposeful at all. Why, for instance, during the period from 1900 to 1910, did the supply of sheep and cattle remain stationary in this country? Tariffs designed to protect the sheep and cattle raising industry, not to mention various by-product industries, were in force in that period, and if a high protective tariff does n't encourage home industries of what use is it? It strikes us as surprising that, with the demand for fresh meat continually increasing during these ten years, somebody did not recognize in the protected live-stock industry a good business proposition. If the tariff affords no inducement for men to embark in a business in which the demand for the article dealt in is greater than the supply, then some of our Standpat friends have misled us when they claimed that it had that merit. With an increasing demand and a stationary supply, the effect of the tariff, since it did not stimulate production, must simply have been to foster under Government auspices undue profits for those already in the business, a great deal more than the "reasonable profit" which Mr. TAFT says they have a right to expect. In plain words, the tariff, while it did nothing effective to increase home production, prevented relief to the consumer by keeping out foreign competition. These facts being reasonably obvious, the conclusion of our contemporary that the tariff is an innocent bystander in relation to the cost of living seems hasty and unsound. It is an accomplice, at the very least.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THE MOOR.—For Allah's sake, let me have the core!
FRANCE AND GERMANY.—There ain't going to be any core!

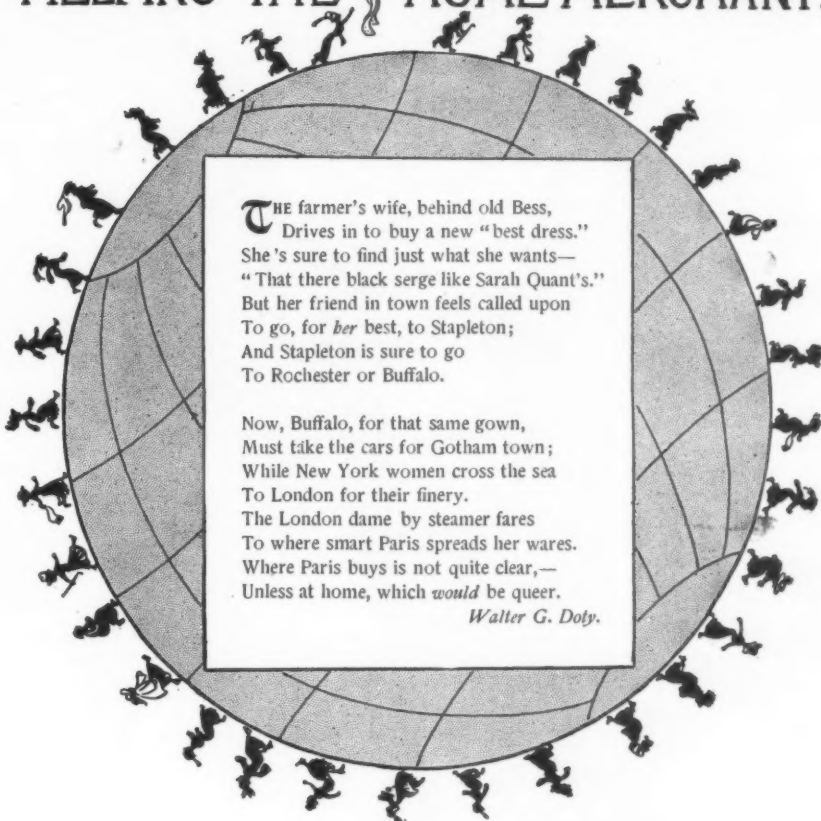
MAINE officially wet by 20, says a significant headline. Noble 20! Unspeakable 20! Which ever you prefer.

HELPING THE HOME MERCHANT.

"OBJECTS OF INT'REST."

ARE there any objects of special interest around here?" asked the lonely autumn boarder of Uncle Jonas Parsnipp.

"Wal, now, that depends on jess what you call a object of int'rest. We ain't no public monnyments ner no graves of great men, onless you'd call the grave o' ole Si Bundy that of a great man. He had five wives an' five mothers-in-law and outlived all of 'em. Quite a ree-cord, we think. Then thar's the grave of old Dan Hemp in our cem'tery. He shot a wild-cat, three skunks, two coons, three foxes, and killed six rattlesnakes an' four copper-heads, and caught the biggest horned pout ever seen in these parts, all in one day. That was kinder 'goin' some,' as you city cusses say. Then that old house once painted yaller down by the crick that you passed on your way up here las' night might be called something of a object of int'rest. There was a little woman weighed about ninety pounds lived there once, an' one day three big, husky tramps come along an' thought they'd skeer her to death. They'd been sassy about two minutes when she grabbed up a stick o' wood an' knocked one of 'em senseless, an' then she sent the other reelin' back'ard into a trap-door leadin' into the cellar that happened to be open, an' when the third feller scun out she up an' after



THE farmer's wife, behind old Bess,
Drives in to buy a new "best dress."
She's sure to find just what she wants—
"That there black serge like Sarah Quant's."
But her friend in town feels called upon
To go, for *her* best, to Stapleton;
And Stapleton is sure to go
To Rochester or Buffalo.

Now, Buffalo, for that same gown,
Must take the cars for Gotham town;
While New York women cross the sea
To London for their finery.
The London dame by steamer fares
To where smart Paris spreads her wares.
Where Paris buys is not quite clear,—
Unless at home, which *would* be queer.

Walter G. Doty.



WANTED IT ALL.

OWNER (*feebly*).—What happened to us?

CHAUFFEUR.—A telegraph-pole ran into us, sir. I never see such road-hogs!

him with an ole hoss-pistol an' skeered him so he akshilly fainted an' she had him all tied up with a clo'esline fore he come to. Quite a hero-wine, we think. Then that old red house you can see from here over yander near them three big ellum trees is a kind of historical house, for three diff'rent persons sooi-cided in it an' three diff'rent cows fell down the well back o' the house an' bruck their plaguey necks, an' there was three elopements from that house, and it caught fire three times. Ev'rything seems to of went by threes in it. One man that lived there had three wives, an' a queer coincidence about it was that all three of 'em war livin' at one time, an' they all come to his fun'ral when he died, although two of 'em had been divo'ced from him. Ain't many houses with more of a hist'ry than that. There's other objects of int'rest round here I'll take you to see soon as the hayin' rush is about over." *M. M.*

MRS. GAY.—My husband and I have our house furnished entirely with wedding gifts.

MRS. DAY.—Gracious! What a lot of presents!

MRS. GAY.—Yes. I have been married four times and my husband three.

AN EXPLANATION.

VISITOR.—How old are you, my poor fellow?

PRISONER.—Fifty.

VISITOR (*thoughtfully*).—Didn't you say forty-five at the trial?

PRISONER.—Yes; but the judge gave me five years!



JOURNALISM.

FRRIEND.—Did you write that editorial advocating pie for breakfast?

EDITOR (*wearily*).—Yes. The business manager's wife wants to break into the social set of the president of the Pie Trust!

The trouble with one's first love is that it usually comes too early in life to be appreciated.



THE BETTER PART.

A certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and it chanced that her gown was not fully buttoned up in the back. Now, a priest and a Levite, meeting the woman and perceiving her plight, passed by on the other side, without saying a word. But a certain Samaritan, journeying that way, was touched with compassion. "Madam," quoth he, "your ha-hum——" "Sir!" the woman thereupon exclaimed, and gave him a look which froze him on the spot. Whence it appears that discretion is the better part of valor.

SOCIETY NEWS.

FROM THE MOUNT OLYMPUS CHRONICLE.



NE of the most splendid entertainments of the season was the musicale given at the beautiful pavilion of Mrs. Euterpe at sundown on Tuesday last.

The spacious corridors were profusely festooned with pink and blue clouds and garlands of poppies and lilies from the gardens of Hesperides and Ceres.

The hostess was beautifully gowned in a clinging robe of diaphanous pink gauze worn over bare flesh. The effect was stunning!

Those having part in the programme were Miss Erato, in popular songs of the day; Madam Melpomene, in vaudeville selections; Mr. Pan, in a pipe solo; Mr. Apollo, who played a number upon the lyre in masterly fashion; Miss Clio, in a reading from one of her unpublished best-sellers; Mr. Bellerophon, who read an "Ode to a Tail-feather of Pegasus;" and the Bacchante Sisters in a most artistic barefoot dance.

A hunting party was given on Saturday by Miss Diana, which included six of the most prominent members of the younger set. The intrepid hunters traveled as far as the sea-coast in Mr. Neptune's six-cylinder touring chariot, where they mounted sea-horses, furnished by the hostess from the Nereid stables. They returned in the evening with many trophies of the chase.

Mrs. Niobe entertained with a Bridge-Tea on Friday afternoon at her apartments in the Hippocampus flats, in honor of Miss Pallas Athenæ, who is her guest. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Urania and Mrs. Hygeia, while the Misses Juno and Venus poured. The hostess, who is just emerging from mourning for her children, was robed in a lilac and silver creation of great beauty, plentifully sprinkled with tears of wondrous size and great purity. Mrs. Niobe's guests numbered one hundred of the most select ladies on Mount Olympus.

Miss Terpsichore will open a dancing-class in the east assembly-room of the Temple of Vesta on next Tuesday evening. Classes to meet on

Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week. Only members of the smartest families will be received.

The marriage of Miss Minerva and Mr. Mars is announced for the near future. Miss Minerva is the daughter of Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, who controls the street-sprinkling privilege in our fair city, and Mr. Mars is one of our best-known military men. Because of the prominence of the contracting parties the affair is expected to exceed anything of the kind hitherto seen in this place.

Mr. Mercury, who is becoming quite noted in athletic circles, is coaching the Olympian Football Eleven for its series of autumn games. Mr. Centaur is to play full-back on the team, and because of his unusual ability as a kicker is regarded as a great acquisition.

Adv.—Mr. Bacchus, who has had years of experience in catering, has opened a select refreshment parlor on the corner of Vulcan and Pluto Avenues. Best of order maintained. Special attention given to fine wines.

Harvey Peake.

Don't forget that what is commonly termed homeliness is likewise only skin deep.



Eddie's Symptoms



"**T**HAT you, doctor? I thought it was, but did not feel quite sure. Our 'phone has not been giving us very good service of late, and half the time they give us the wrong number when we are trying to ring some one up. That is why I always ask if I have the right party. The other day some one rang me up and talked fully three minutes without discovering that I was not the party she wanted. And they have given me the wrong number three or four times in as many days. We are going to change from a four-party line to a two-party line soon, and then I hope that we will have less trouble, although my sister, who has a private line, seems to have about as much trouble as we have with a four-party line. I was at her house the other day, and it took her—O, I guess twenty minutes to get a——"

"Any one sick at your house that requires my attention?"

"Well, not what you might call really sick, but our little Eddie does not seem to be quite himself, and yet I did not think that he was ill enough to have you take the trouble to come over here to see him. I do not think that it is anything at all serious. Of course if I did I would have you come right over, for I do not believe in allowing a real sickness to run on. The sooner one takes hold of a real sickness the better. And I do not think that it is best to depend too much on home doctoring. I have a cousin in Brooklyn who has a regular medicine-chest, and she takes a great deal more risk and responsibility than I would be willing to assume in case of sickness. She never had a doctor at all when one of her children had the chicken-pox, and although the child came out of it all right I think that she was running a great risk, for you know that chicken-pox often runs into something worse when it is not treated right, does n't it? I know that a friend of mine had a friend whose little boy had chicken-pox and she thought——"



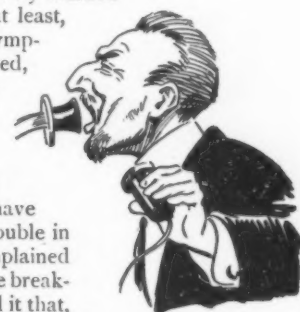
"What's the matter with your Eddie?"

"Well, as I say, doctor, I don't know that he is anything more than what they call 'comfortably sick' in New England. I suppose that that is really a New England colloquialism. I am sure that I never heard it in any other place, and it seemed so funny to me the first time I heard it—almost as strange as when I was living out West. I lived out there the first two years I was married, although it would be more proper to say a year and ten months. We expected to stay two years, but our affairs took a turn that brought us back sooner than we expected, and—— O, I was going to tell you of an odd way they had of speaking of a person who was only slightly ill out West. They said that—that—that—I declare, doctor, what am I going to do about my memory? I will have a thing on my tongue's end one minute, and the next it is gone from me and I can't remember it to save my life. I used to have the best memory when I was a little girl. I could commit a poem of ten or twelve long stanzas to memory in a couple of hours, and now, you'd hardly believe it, but——"

"I am very busy this morning, five people waiting, and——"

"Of course you are. That is the penalty you must pay for being such a popular doctor, and I really must not keep you another minute. I just thought that I would 'phone Eddie's symptoms over to you and it

would perhaps save you a long ride over here, although now that you have an auto I suppose that you don't mind a ride of ten miles as much as you minded a ride of three with your horse or on the electrics. I was thinking only the other day of what a blessing the auto must be to a doctor, especially in cases of great haste when a doctor is needed in a hurry. Then there is the telephone to help to save time for the doctor. It must save you a great deal of time, both in the office and out. Then your patrons can use the 'phone and also save time, and, take it altogether, the 'phone and the auto must be a great saver of time for you doctors, and—— What is that? Eddie's symptoms? Well, as I said before, there are no very marked symptoms of any kind yet—at least, not what you might really call symptoms. His cheeks are slightly flushed, and his father felt of his pulse before

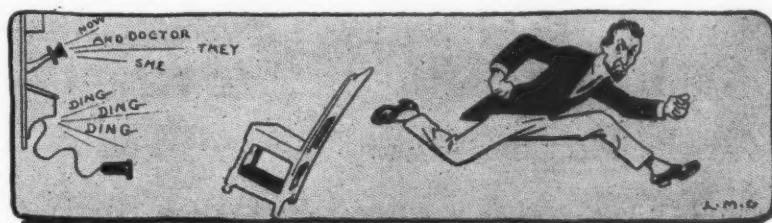


he went down town, and he said that it seemed to be about normal. I think that he is a child whose pulse varies a little anyhow, although I believe that you once said that the heart seemed to be normal, and I have never in my life heard of a case of heart trouble in either my family or my husband's. He complained of feeling tired this morning, and yawned at the breakfast-table, which is a symptom, if one can call it that, which alarmed me a little, for he is usually the life of the table and we sometimes have to almost repress his overflow of animal spirits, but my husband and I both feel that the table is the place above all others where the family should be cheerful and happy. I have heard that it is a positive aid to digestion to be merry and cheerful at one's meals, to say nothing of the atmosphere good humor creates. The older I grow, doctor, the more I believe in good humor, and I am thankful that I was born with a keen sense of humor. Sometimes I really think that my sense of humor is almost too acute, and do you know, doctor, that I sometimes have the almost irresistible impulse to laugh in places where one must really not laugh at all. Only the other Sunday, right in church, I felt the most irresistible impulse to——"

"I have seven or eight patients waiting, and——"

"Of course you have. As I say, that is the penalty you must pay for being so popular and——O, Eddie's symptoms? Well, as I say, they are not very marked yet, and they may not mean anything, such as they are, but I never feel willing to let a thing run on and so—there, doctor, Eddie has had quite a fit of coughing and his face is so flushed I think that perhaps it would be best for you to see him. After all, trying to describe symptoms by 'phone is a little risky. There is a case of scarlet fever only eight blocks from here, and Eddie's little cousin over in Brooklyn is sick with tonsilitis and he was over there less than two weeks ago, so I think that I would really feel a little safer if you saw him, although if you are extra busy I might telephone more about his symptoms during your next office-hours and—— You think it would save time if you came to see him? I really think it would be best, and the sooner one takes hold of a real trouble the better, for—— If they have n't cut me off! I hope that the doctor will get after the telephone company for cutting off his patients when he is talking to them. So rude of them! I'll warrant you that they will hear something from him about this!"

Max Merryman.



THE PUZZLE.



IF LIFE were only *all* a joke,
Or always had a solemn ring,
It would be easy for us folk
To get an angle on the thing;
But as it is we weep and sigh
When mirth would be a fitter tone,
Or pitch our laughter loud and high
When what we ought to do is groan.

If life were one unending jest,
If life were one unhappy wail,
Vanished indeed were all its zest,
It would be dreary, flat, and stale;
But it is sort of half-and-half
(Which half is which we never know)
Nor whether we should cry or laugh—
And that is why we love it so.

Berton Braley.

FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

NOT one marriage-license, we regret to say, has been issued in this county since the tenth of last month.

Our maidens, we believe, are ready to yield to persuasion. Dan Cupid seems striving as bravely as ever. The birds have mated and are boasting of their broods with joyous song. The grocery-stores are bulging with rice, and the furniture emporium is full of cradles. Our clergymen are beginning to look anxious, and the Justice of the Peace is positively lank. And yet the swains of our busy burg hum and haw and hesitate! Can it be that these lazy laborers in life's vineyard will persist in loafing and hanging back, until at the eleventh hour our maids, and also our comely widows, will be forced to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in?

Wedding-cards and invitations at this office.

"HORRORS, John! We have come off and left the cat and the parrot with nothing to eat!"

"Well, I would n't worry. These things generally adjust themselves. Maybe the cat will eat the parrot!"



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

BACHELOR NEPHEW.—That's a bully motto you sent me, Aunt Jane! You should have seen my room before you sent it. Things laying all over the place!

PROCEDURE.

FOREIGN ENEMY.—Then you think it is useless for us to attack the country by way of New York?

ASSISTANT.—Certainly. Our investigations tell us that it is impossible. First we would have to pass a trained army of customs inspectors, then a squad of Quarantine officials, and what was left of us would be swept away by a picked delegation of reporters asking us how we liked the country.

THIS is a strange world. Some men will pay as much for a pew in church as for a ring-side seat at a prize-fight.

HOW A LITTLE NOISE ANNOYS THEM.



WHEN IT IS SOMEBODY ELSE'S CHILD.



BUT WHEN THE CHILD IS THEIR OWN!



HIGH TIME.

THE COQUETTE.—Usually, for a month after I return to the city, I receive on an average a dozen letters daily from my fiancés.

THE WORLDLY GUY.—And has n't the Postoffice Department ever issued a fraud order against you?

THE ORACLE ON PIKERS.



UNNY story in the paper to-day about a fellow in one of the big restaurants," remarked the Engineer. "He was evidently from the country, the paper says, and after he had ordered a big meal and paid for it out of a roll he carried, he took back all his change, thanked the waiter for being kind to him, and walked out. That guy sure was a piker."

"Yes, Artie," the Oracle agreed, reaching for the matches, "he was a piker. He wasn't one of these real live sports here in the city who never got down in his life and really grubbed a nickel, and who therefore is cheerfully willing to toss his substance at the lackeys that fawn around him. Nothing of the 'live one' about him. He was a piker. He'd probably sweated and labored and toiled from dawn to dark for months to get that roll, and he'd come to the city to rest and enjoy himself a bit. He'd produced that roll—no-

body'd left it to him or given it to him, and he had n't stolen it from any one, and probably when he went into that hotel he expected that the big, good, liberal price he paid for his rooms and his meals ought to make it possible for the proprietor to pay his own help. Out where he came from people paid their own help, and did n't charge such prices, either. Out where he came from people earned their money, and the help earned theirs, too, and would have flung a tip back in your face if you offered it. He thought the waiter was a hard-working American citizen who had pride and humanity, not a fawning lackey such as we make out of 'em and they make themselves. So he thanked the waiter—he'd have shaken hands with him, probably, if he had wanted to—and went out. But I'll agree he was an awful piker—that waiter ought to have got some of the roll because—well, because the



AND NO STRONG-ARM SQUAD.

The Greeks were piling into the Wooden Horse outside the walls of Troy. "We might be called the first car-rowdies," they cried facetiously.

farmer had it, and the waiter needed it, and—er—er—you know, it's—it's the custom, you know."

"I don't object so much to that kind of a piker," said the Architect. "It's the cheap piker that gets me, the shine who's trying to travel along without paying up."

"Boys," said the Oracle, "I want to state right here and now that the word 'piker' puts me in a roaring rage. Every time anybody springs it I want to swear. Pikers! That's most of us. I'm a piker, and proud of it—a man's either a piker or a fool or a millionaire. There are n't enough of the millionaires to affect the statement much, but they're the fellows that coined the word."

"Why, say, if you've got a little cash and you want to take your wife or your girl to a show and the speculator holds you up for tickets and you tell him to chase himself, he calls you a 'piker.' If you kick when the taxicab chauffeur robs you, you're a 'piker.' If you feel flush enough to go to a swell hotel and pay their prices for a supper after the show and you don't give the waiter four times what he has coming to him and eight times what he's worth, you're a 'piker.' If you've got too little money, or too much sense to throw it around to a bunch of lackeys and flunkies and supernumeraries who perform no service and merely embarrass you, you're a 'piker.'"

"Piker! I wish we had about seventy-five millions more of 'em in this country! We might quit wasting our forests and our water-power and our coal and our gas, and everything else, under the impression that we were being real splendid instead of wasteful and prodigal. There are only a few of us who can afford not to be pikers; but most of us go on trying to ape the ways of fellows with seven thousand times as much money as we have."

"They call a man a 'piker' when he quits a winner or loser; they call him a 'piker' when he wants to go home to his wife and children instead of staying down and getting full with a bunch of roistersers. O, it's

an awful term of reproach, that word 'Piker!'

"And all the time it's the little 'piker' who keeps the game going, who keeps the hotel going, who keeps the taxicabs going, who supports the shows. If Mr. Piker just had sense enough to quit the game entirely for a few days, merely to 'show' these proud and lofty piker-despisers, there'd be sheriff's writs on all the gay places and the business places, too, and when Piker came back he'd be monarch of all he surveyed. But the piker merely writhes and bears it now, and therefore he gets his always."

"Grand stuff, that talk," the Engineer said. "You ought to get it published. Who's in for a little game of draw?"

"I am," said the Oracle.

"Here also," said the Lawyer and the Doctor.

"Not I," said the Architect firmly.

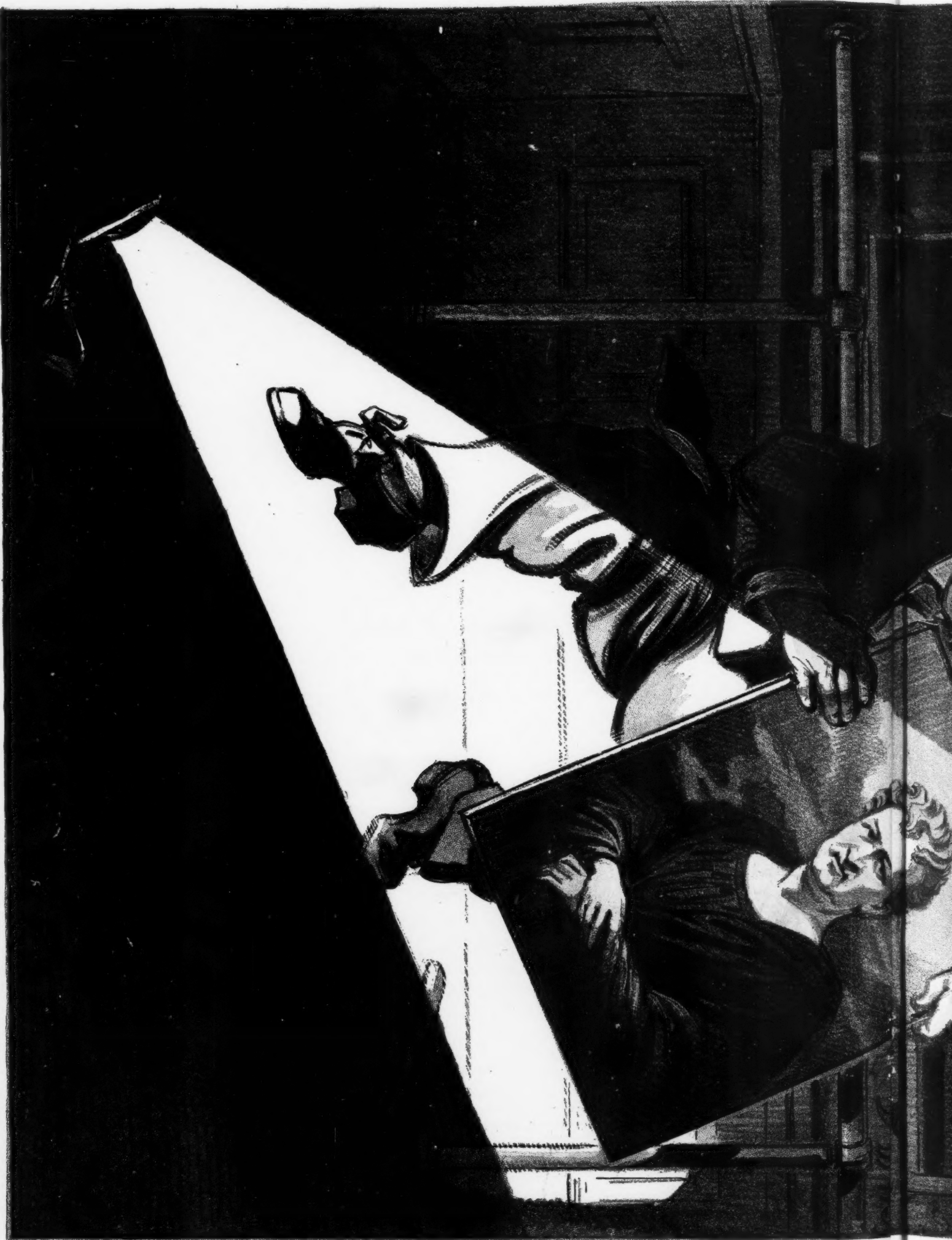
"Aw, don't be a piker!" said the Oracle.

Berton Bralcy.



THE HEIGHT OF INDIFFERENCE.

There is still, perhaps, to be found, though it should be seldom, the old-fashioned girl who tells her mother as much as she tells her lawyer.



THE PUNCH PRESS

THE REPUBLICAN MONA LISA—CAN HE GET AWAY WITH IT?

PUCK





LITERALLY SPEAKING.

IF TROLLEY AND SUBWAY PASSENGERS WERE REALLY "PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES."

VAC-ATION.



ESITATION,
Calculation,
Then decide to go;
Palpitation,
Preparation,
Baggage in a row.
Agitation
At the station—
Most untoward plight;
"Reservation
Gone." Damnation!
Just sit up all night!

Resignation,	"Light collation,"
Embarkation,	Lamentation,
Lonesome, dusty ride.	Ravenous and rash.
Expectation,	Mastication,
Destination,	Queer sensation,—
Yes! The pictures lied.	Button in the hash.
Revelation,	Segregation,
Aggravation,	Toleration,
Walk a mile or more.	"Just a friendly game."
Indignation,	Devastation,
Imprecation,	Spoilation,
Room just two-by-four.	Roll gone up in flame.

"Cool location,"	Desolation,
Perspiration,	Desperation,
Tennis, golf, and gin;	"Guess I'll take a drop."
Animation,	Deep potation,
Heat prostration,	Demonstration,
Call the doctor in.	Meet the village "cop."
Restoration,	Culmination,
Mild flirtation,	Computation,
Little romance thrives,	Sudden, awful funk;
Deep vexation,	Explanation,
Altercation,	Confiscation,
Lady's beau arrives.	Home without a trunk.

Consolation,
Fabrication,
Hushing up the crime;
Long narration,
Great vacation—
"Had a corking time!"

Q.

TRULY great is that man who can become famous without making any of the accompanying noise himself.

KEEPING PACE.

A TONE-POEM of the most advanced order had burst upon the world.

Everywhere orchestras were baffled. How were those abstruse harmonies to be given the needful body? But genius was not lacking to the occasion.

"I will add to my band," declared a certain conductor, in whom the light of inspiration glowed brightly, "a number of men eating soup in the American style!"

The success of his experiment was prodigious—the most exacting critics agreed that the limitations of the interpretative art were immensely done away with.



A WEATHER PROFIT.



WEEK BEGINNING SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.

American, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.
Astor, Bway and 45th St. "What the Doctor Ordered," a comedy by A. E. Thomas. Evenings 8:20.
Belasco, 44th St. nr. Bway. "The Concert," with original cast. Evenings 8:20.
Bijou, Bway and 30th St. Cyril Scott in "Modern Marriage," a mirthful matrimonial comedy, by Harrison Rhodes. Evenings 8:15.
Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Never Homes." (Opening night, Sept. 30.) Evenings 8:15.
Casino, Bway and 39th. "The Kiss Waltz," a new Viennese operetta. Evenings 8:15.
Century, 62d St. and 8th Av. "The Blue Bird." Evenings 8:15.
Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "The Little Millionaire," by and with Geo. M. Cohan. A musical farce. Ev'gs 8:15.
Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
Comedy, 41st St. bet. Bway & 6th Av. "Speed," a three-cylinder auto comedy. Evenings 8:15.
Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Passers-By," a new play by C. Haddon Chambers. Evenings 8:15.
Daly's, Bway and 30th St. "When Sweet Sixteen," a new American song-play with a Viennese flavor, by Hobart and Herbert. Evenings 8:15.
Empire, Bway and 40th St. John Drew in the new comedy "A Single Man," by H. H. Davies. Evenings 8:15.
Folies Bergère, 46th St. and Bway. "A la Broadway" and Cabaret Show. Evenings 8:15.
Gaiety, 46th and Bway. "Excuse Me." A Pullman Carnival. Evenings 8:15.
Globe, Bway and 46th St. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman of Leisure," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.
Grand Opera House, 6th Av. and 23d. "The Country Boy." Evenings 8:15.
Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Harris, 42d St. W. of Bway. Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," by Charles Klein. Evenings 8:20.
Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d & 44th Sts. "Around the World," spectacle in seventeen scenes. Evenings 8:15.
Hudson, 44th St. nr Bway. Frank McIntyre in "Snoos," a new comedy by George Bronson Howard. Ev'gs 8:15.
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees Evenings 8:15.
Knickerbocker, Bway and 38th St. "The Siren," a new musical comedy, with Donald Brian. Evenings 8:15.
Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow." Evenings 8:15.
Lyceum, Bway and 45th St. "The Arab," a play of the Orient, by Edgar Selwyn. Evenings 8:15.
Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Everywoman," a dramatic spectacle. Evenings 8:20.
Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. and 8th Av. "Baby Mine," with original cast. Evenings 8:15.
Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. E. of Bway. Henrietta Crossman in "The Real Thing," a new comedy. Evenings 8:15.
New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."
Playhouse, 48th St. E. of Bway. "The Rack," a play of social inquisition, by Thompson Buchanan. Ev'gs 8:30.
Republic, W. 42d St. "The Woman," a new comedy drama by W. C. De Mille. Evenings 8:20.
Thirty-ninth Street, 39th nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15.
Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. George Arliss in "Disraeli," by Louis N. Parker. Evenings 8:20.
Weber's, Bway and 29th St. Edmund Breese in "A Man of Honor." Evenings 8:30.
West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. "Pomander Walk." Evenings 8:15.
Winter Garden, 50th St. and Bway. "The Revue of Revues," with Gaby Deslys and other stars. Ev'gs at 8.

SAME.

FRIEND.—What were your sensations in the wreck?

VICTIM.—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came!

FINE.

VISITOR.—How was Old-Home Week this year?

NATIVE.—Fine. Everybody who came back got into a lovely fight over the bills they skipped when they left town!

The greatest consolation some people seem to find, as age grows on them, is that they don't look it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.



HE fire-bell, its tail frenziedly yanked by an agitated citizen, pealed forth a brazen alarm that aroused Polkville, Ark., to fittified activity. A large man in his shirt-sleeves, and with one suspender fluttering like an oriflamme, rushed by the tavern, swinging a helmet in his hand and roaring at every jump, in the voice with which he cried auctions when not combatting the Fire Fiend: "Fi-yur! Fi-yur!" He was the Chief, and possessed the only helmet in the Fire Department, and of necessity he wore the dyed mustache of a conqueror.

Excited people appeared on the scene as if blown thither by a cyclone. A sufferer who did n't own a smitch of property in town came plunging downstairs from the Paragon Dental Parlors, followed by Doc. Hawley, expostulatingly brandishing a freshly-culled molar in his forceps—Doc. always was a great feller for believing in business before pleasure. The able editor of the *Weekly Clarion* was promptly on the spot, notebook in hand, to chronicle the achievements of the gallant fire-laddies in scotching the holocaust. Ricketty Wadkins took occasion to indulge in one of his justly-celebrated fits right in front of the First National Bank, and an excited town dog hopped onto a frightened country dog twice his size and whipped him all over Mr. Wadkins.

Polkville possesses no fire-engine, but there is a standing premium of two dollars for the first team of horses to arrive at Fire Headquarters—that little, old red building you see over there, where the hook-and-ladder truck when not in use reposes in the front part of the room, and there is a steel coop for male-factors in the back of the room; it's where the sporting element play checkers and talk dog and such as that, and church people don't like it a bit, either; and you know yourself that fellers that are always loafing around never have any money to spend at the festivals and lawn feats when the bell rings.

Upon this occasion the winner of the prize was the driver of a pair of tall, shambling, faded old horses attached to a ramshackle baggage-wagon. Into this vehicle several of the volunteer firemen piled to hold the tongue of the hook-and-ladder truck. The rest of 'em hung onto the truck in various places with one arm and one leg apiece and waved their other arms and legs defiantly, as you might say, in the atmosphere. The Chief straddled the top of the pile of ladders, which, being Chief, was where he belonged. He uttered a stern command, and they were off, rattling and clattering, and, with the ladders jouncing and buckets swinging, looking quite a good deal like a gang of drunken painters driving home from work. Some time after the Fire Department had surged past, a lumpy youth sat soggily down on the steps of the tavern porch and yawned satedly.

"Where's the fire, Elwood?" called an excited waitress from the doorway of the guest house.

"Why, hay-oh, Maxime!" cheerfully returned the lumpy one. "Goin' to the party to-night?"

"Do' know! Where's the fire?"

"Old Mizzus Blumantle's chimbley's where 't was. It's all over now. I stood and watched it burn till nothin' but a little smoke came out."

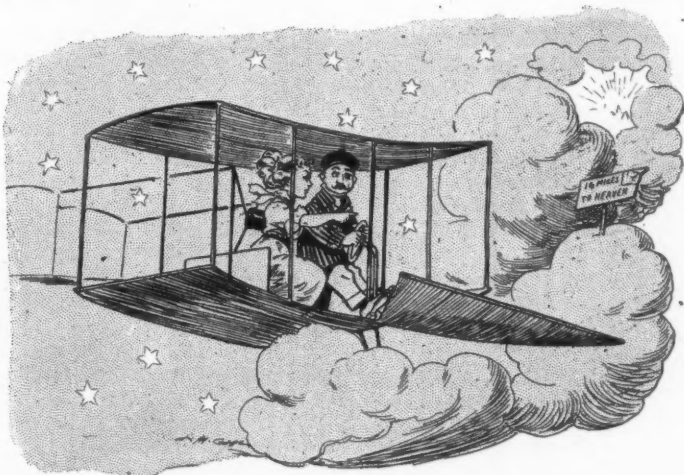
"F'r mercy sake! Why n't you tell the firemen it was over?"

"Aw, they like to run to fires! The party —" He rose lazily and passed to the doorway. The waitress, strange to say, giggled as he approached her.

A drummer on the porch informed the landlord that the Polkville Fire Department reminded him of that of Kansas City: it was so—Aw! Haw! haw!—different! Them drummers are 'most all terrible wags that-a-way. "Those old horses —," he chuckled.

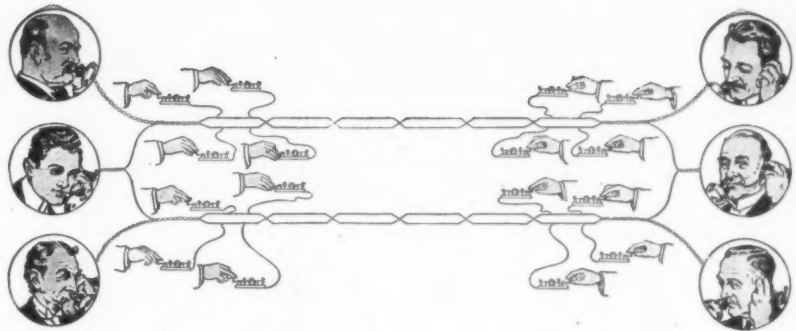
"Eh-yah!" pessimistically replied the landlord. "I noticed 'em. Good 'eal like the aver'ge community, ain't they? Every little while there's a loud alarm about some awful crisis that's going to devastate us, or some big red dragon on the point of devouring us; and up jumps a gang of loud-mouthed persons just aching to protect and save us, and they all pile onto us plug citizens, and yank us away from our work, and lash us to a frenzy and drive us to exhaustion, and accomplish nothing but getting their names in the papers and tiring us out. I voted — Aw, nothing! Hurry in there, Maxime, and see if dinner ain't 'most ready!"

Tom P. Morgan.



IN CHARLEY'S AIRSHIP.

HIS BEST GIRL.—O, look how far we've flown! And I promised Mother faithfully I'd be home by half-past ten!



Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires at the same time that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams over the same wires. With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and different. The

telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service.

Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.



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Universal Service

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— YOU,
WALK!"

as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at Ten Cents per Copy.

Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form.



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WHEN DAYS ARE HOT.

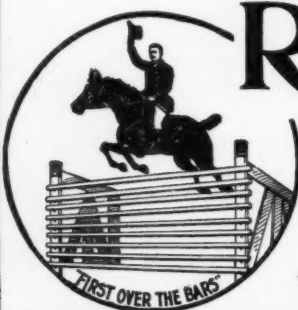
"Do you realize that the ice-water tank you have just drunk from may be swarming with microbes?" asked the fussy health faddist just as we had finished refreshing ourselves.

"Yes, I do," we answered defiantly. We mopped our perspiring face as we spoke and attempted to pull our wilted collar together in front for dignity's sake.

"And are n't you afraid of those microbes in the ice-water?"

"No, sir; we are jealous of them.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



RIPE
RICH
MELLOW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON,
Baltimore, Md.



"GOOD-MORNING," said the young woman as she stepped to the window at the Stowe post-office. "Is there a letter for me to-day?"

"I'll look," answered the clerk.

The young woman blushed a little and she added: "It's a business letter."

The man inside the window took up a handful of letters and looked them over hastily. Then he informed the lady that there was nothing for her; and with great disappointment depicted on her lovely features she went away from there. In five minutes she was back again—this time blushing more furiously than before.

"I—I deceived you," she stammered. "It—it was n't a business letter I was expecting. Will you please see if there is something for me among the love-letters?"—*Boston Traveler.*

HARD LUCK.

"Your father might have been a rich man but for one thing."

"What was that, mother?"

"He was obliged to attend an extra session of Congress instead of spending the summer on the lecture platform."—*Detroit Free Press.*

OYSTERS and a glass of Evans' Ale

For You To-Day

Evans' is On Tap and in Bottles and Spills.
Restaurants, Clubs, Cafes, Oyster and Chop Houses, and Saloons.
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine out! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

HE GOT IT.

LADY.—Yes, I've an umbrella that needs mending, but how am I to know that you will bring it back?

UMBRELLA MENDER.—Have no fear, mum. I allus charges more for mendin' than I could sell the umbreller for.—*Red Hen.*

A PUZZLE.

SMALL GIRL (entertaining her mother's caller).—How is your little girl?

CALLER.—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I have n't any little girl.

SMALL GIRL (after a painful pause in conversation).—How is your little boy?

CALLER.—My dear, I have n't any little boy, either.

SMALL GIRL.—What are yours?—*Woman's Home Companion.*

BILL.—Ever try to do any work with your typewriter in your lap?

JILL.—Gee! I would n't call that work. I'd call that play!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT.



STRANGER (to innkeeper).—But where is your "fine view"? I see nothing but trees.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 59 St. Joseph, Mo.



INNKEEPER.—Not quite so bad as that. (To servant.) Go on, George, and show the gentleman the fine view.
—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

GREAT BEER SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

TIP-TOPICAL.

Beginning his vacation,
The baggage-boy he tipped;
Then at his destination
Another quarter slipped.

He tipped the depot porter,
He tipped the hall-boy, Jim,
Then passed a youth a quarter
For elevating him.

The barber and the waiter
Each got his little snap,
Ditto the boy who later
Helped him to coat and cap.

He met gay Mollie Gabbitt,
With whom he set afloat,
And soon, from force of habit,
He had to tip the boat!
—*New York Times*.

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

"When I was in the produce business in Philadelphia years ago," said an old merchant, "I had, among my country shippers, a Pennsylvania German by the name of Jacob Snyder. He did not often come to the city, but when he did it was a great occasion with him, and he expected some attention. So one morning in the fall, when he turned up in my store about ten o'clock, I said to him:

"Jacob, you must have made an early start from home to get here so soon. How would you like to have a bit of lunch right away? Do you like oysters?"

"Vy," he said, 'I couldt eat a few oysters.'

"So we went round to a neighboring oyster cellar, and I ordered two stews."

"Now, Jacob," said I, 'while we are waiting, what do you say to some raw?'

"Vell," he replied, 'I don't mind.'

"So we had half a dozen raw apiece, and as the stews had not yet come, we had another half a dozen on the half shell."

"When the stews were despatched, I asked, as a matter of form, if he would not have another, and he said:

"Vell, them's pretty goot oysters, and I don't mind if I do haf another stew."

"I nibbled crackers while he ate stew number two, and when he had finished I said to him:

"They pan oysters very well here. Do you like panned oysters as well as stewed?"

"Vy, I like oysters any way. I don't mind if I haf a pan."

"I ordered one for him, and, that disposed of, I suggested a few fried."

"Vell," he observed, 'I haf eat fried, and fried is goot. I don't mind.'

"By the time he had finished that order—and I made it a dozen—it was high noon, and I did not feel that I could afford to test Jacob's capacity further. So, paying the bill, I piloted him out, and as we walked along I said to him:

"Jacob, you're right fond of oysters, are n't you?"

"Villiam," he replied, with more animation than he had yet shown, 'I'm wery fond of oysters. Vy, do you know, I sometimes belief I couldt make a meal of 'em!'—*Youth's Companion*.

"SEE that measuring-worm crawling up my skirt!" cried Mrs. Bjens. "That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress."

"Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjens. "And while he's about it, have him send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

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NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

A class in one of Boston's cultured schools was discussing the subject "Patriotism," and the teacher called on each pupil in turn to tell of some article they possessed that would illustrate love of their country.

"We have a fine, large flagpole and a handsome flag at my house," one girl said.

"I've got a gun that my uncle used in the Civil War when he fought to preserve the Union," a bright-eyed boy called out.

"My father was killed in 1862 in a big battle, and my mother has his picture hung in the parlor! He wears the uniform of a captain in the Union army," was the next answer.

Others had similar references to the part their family had taken in upholding the Union in the Civil War, but finally a boy was reached who had no answer to make.

"Can you not think of anything you or your mother has that would show love for your country?"

The boy looked dejected for a moment, and then his face lit up with enthusiasm. "Yes," he replied, "my mother has a new union suit."—*Lippincott's*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times*.

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PUCK, New York

MARIA, the new cook, was one of those very stout "cullud ladies," one of the sort who are most particular about the social relations between the family and themselves. Mrs. Bennett had been visiting friends in Boston for a week, and her husband didn't get along as well with Maria. He could stand it no longer, and one morning he called her into the dining-room.

"Confound it, you! I want my meals cooked better hereafter, or out of the door you go. I don't propose to pay you thirty dollars a month to burn my meals for me."

"Look-a-here!" said Maria. "Don't you talk that-a-way to me. You jes' 'member who I is. I don't like your tone of voice, and I ain't no trash for you to holler at. Yo' must n't take me for yo' wife."—*Argonaut.*

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

PEARS'

MRS. BYRAM.—That's the kind of a husband to have! Did you hear Mr. Dike tell his wife to go and look at some one-hundred-dollar hats?

MR. BYRAM.—My dear, have I ever deprived you of the privilege of looking at one-hundred-dollar hats?—*Chicago Daily News.*

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23, 24 and 26 Heccker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

"BUT what did I wear that night?" she asked.

He mutely pondered and rubbed his brow.

"My dark-green satin?" He promptly

tasked

His mind to remember, yet knew not how.

"My white with the flounces?" He shook

his head;

"I don't remember," was what he said.

"My brown with the Persian bands? O, no—

That was too shabby. The spangled tulle?

You hated that, it was cut so low!

Was it the little embroidered mull?

Was it the black brocaded train?"

Slowly he shook his head again.

"I can't remember." "O, what a shame,"

She almost sobbed. "But, if you can't,

dear,"

He argued, "why am I so much to blame?"

"Because," she answered, and dropped a

tear,

"I know you're beginning not to care

When you can't remember the gowns I

wear!"—*Brooklyn Life.*

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TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

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WHISKEY
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For Sale Everywhere ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

BOYS AND NOISE.



DISTRACTED PARENT.—Well, if I let you play it, will you be quiet?

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DOUBLE-ACTION PRESCRIPTION.

On a wet and bitter night in winter old Dr. B. was summoned from his snug home to attend a farmer who was threatened with pneumonia. The farmer's wife, a little woman resembling a scared bird, reported that the patient called for hot punch, but that she awaited the doctor's permission before giving it.

"Make it," said Dr. B. "Make it as soon as you can, strong and hot, and let me see it."

The little woman soon fluttered in with the smoking punch. The doctor took it from her hands, examined it, smelled it, then drank it off and smacked his lips in critical satisfaction.

"Exactly," he said. "Give your husband one just like it, only half as much."—*Lippincott's.*

"THAT," said the professor, "is an Egyptian queen. She is at least three thousand years old."

"My!" exclaimed the girl with large, fluffy hair. "I'll bet she'd be annoyed if she knew you were telling it."—*Washington Star.*

Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

The original bottled cocktail. Accept no substitute.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

C. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Sole Props.

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Simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.

ANCIENT.

BLOBS.—I never knew Wigwag was a collector of antiques.

SLOBBS.—O yes. He actually collected twenty dollars the other day that Borrowell had owed him for ten years.—*Philadelphia Record*.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

MISS BUTT.—He told me once that I was quite pretty.

MISS CHELLUS.—Yes, he also told me that you were quite pretty—once.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

VOLUNTARY.

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't happen to be thrown out."—*Washington Star*.

A Ripe Old Age



acquired in charred oak barrels accounts for the full rich flavor of

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Bottled in bond—pure—smooth—with rich color and aromatic bouquet—light body. OVERHOLT is well worth asking for—by name

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

SURE PREVENTIVE.

AGENT.—I'm selling something to prevent roosters from crowing at two A.M.

HIS FRIEND.—Marvelous! What is it?

AGENT.—A recipe for chicken soup.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

THE LATEST.

DINER.—A crème de menthe, waiter.

WAITER (calling out).—One starboard light!—*Boston Transcript*.

"ARE you going to send the Sparkler girl a wedding present?"

"No. Old Sparkler and I had a squabble yesterday."

"That's too bad. And what was the cause?"

"I can't afford his friendship. He has five marriageable daughters."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



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IN Sir Robert Anderson's recently published book of reminiscences, entitled "The Lighter Side of My Official Life," there is a story of a judge who was trying to get the very words of a reported conversation from a person somewhat scantily equipped with humor. The story is good enough to be told.

"Witness," said the judge, "did the prisoner say, 'I stole the horse'?"

"O no, my lord," the witness replied in a deprecatory tone, "your lordship's name was never mentioned."—*Youth's Companion*.

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BEFORE THE GAME.

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"Were any of them receipted?" asked a listener, who seemed to be a pessimist.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It is now definitely settled that Italy has only three great criminal organizations—the Mafia, the Camorra, and the Black Hand. In the United States we have the Democratic, Republican, and Socialist parties, each of which is regarded by the other two as a criminal organization during a Presidential election.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"I THOUGHT there would be trouble when you discovered that those two poker-players were in collusion."

"Yes," replied three-fingered Sam. "It looked dangerous till they explained that they weren't cheating, but were merely operating under a gentleman's agreement."—*Washington Star*.

The illustration on the opposite page should be credited to the London Tailor.

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THE FIRST AFFINITY.

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CORN

On the COB

WHEN Summer rolls round with her pageant
of beauty,

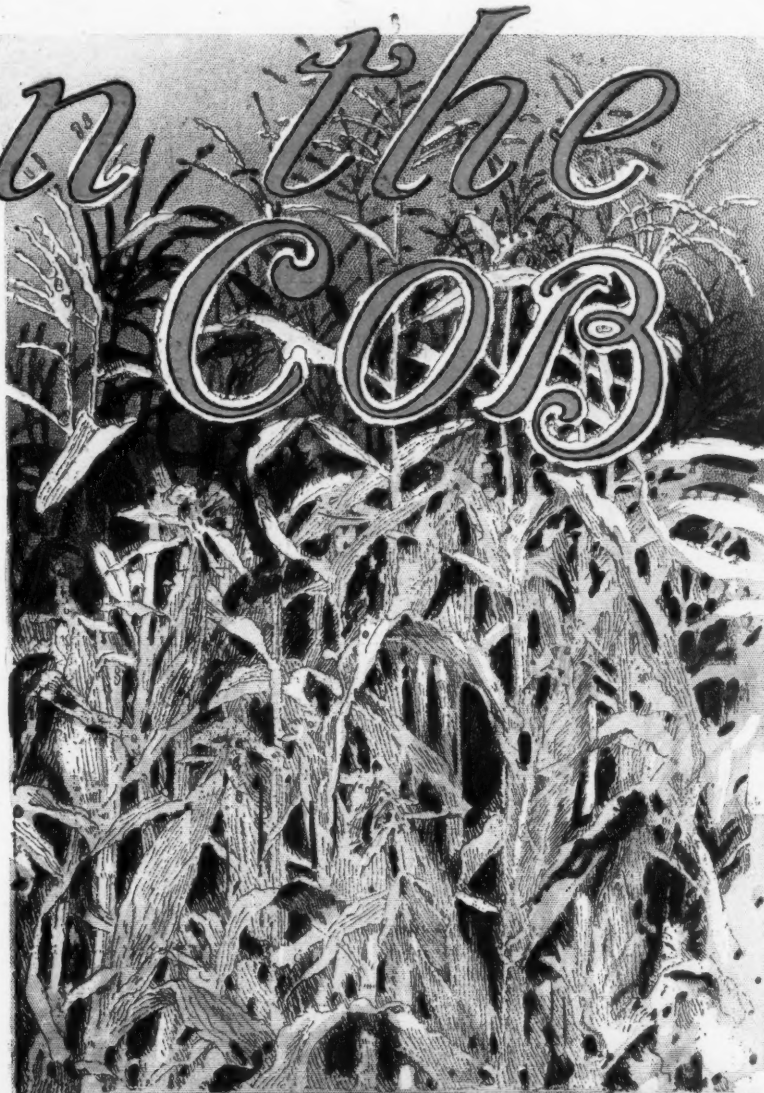
A riot of color, a world-wide parade,
Away with dull care! Who would sing of stern duty
When Nature in sweetness and light is arrayed?
The corn-fields are rustling, a message foretelling
Of joys soon to be, for ere long we shall rob
The stalks of their harvest; my bosom is swelling
In anticipation of corn on the cob.

Don't lead me to one of those fashionable show-rooms,
The home of the tip and the festive dress-suit;
'Way down on the farm we have lots of elbow-room
To take a firm grip on the succulent fruit.
Despising those symbols of pure affectation
Precariously stuck in each end of the cob,
Dame Nature 's equipped me for this delectation —
With two sturdy lunch-hooks I'm here on the job.

Please pass me the salt and the pepper, the butter,
The cool, smiling butter from dairy's recess;
Both corn and emotion so fill me I utter
These words 'neath a strong gustatorial stress.
And, though a mouth-organ performer resembling,
I'm careless of comment, regardless of jeers,
With corn on the cob there's no chance for dissembling—
Come, pass me another, I'll muss up my ears!

Ah, blest be the man whose strong molars discovered
This food of the Gods for man here below!
The store of delight for us all he uncovered
When husked from the sheaf were the kernels of snow.
The platter's piled high with ears fragrant and steaming,
The very aroma arouses a throb.
Come, boys, shed your coats, this is no time for dreaming,
We're here to do business with corn on the cob!

Arthur D. Pratt.



THE PUCK PRESS

